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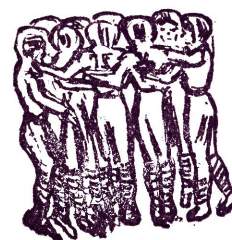
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The Student's Pen



NOVEMBER 1949

The Student's Pen

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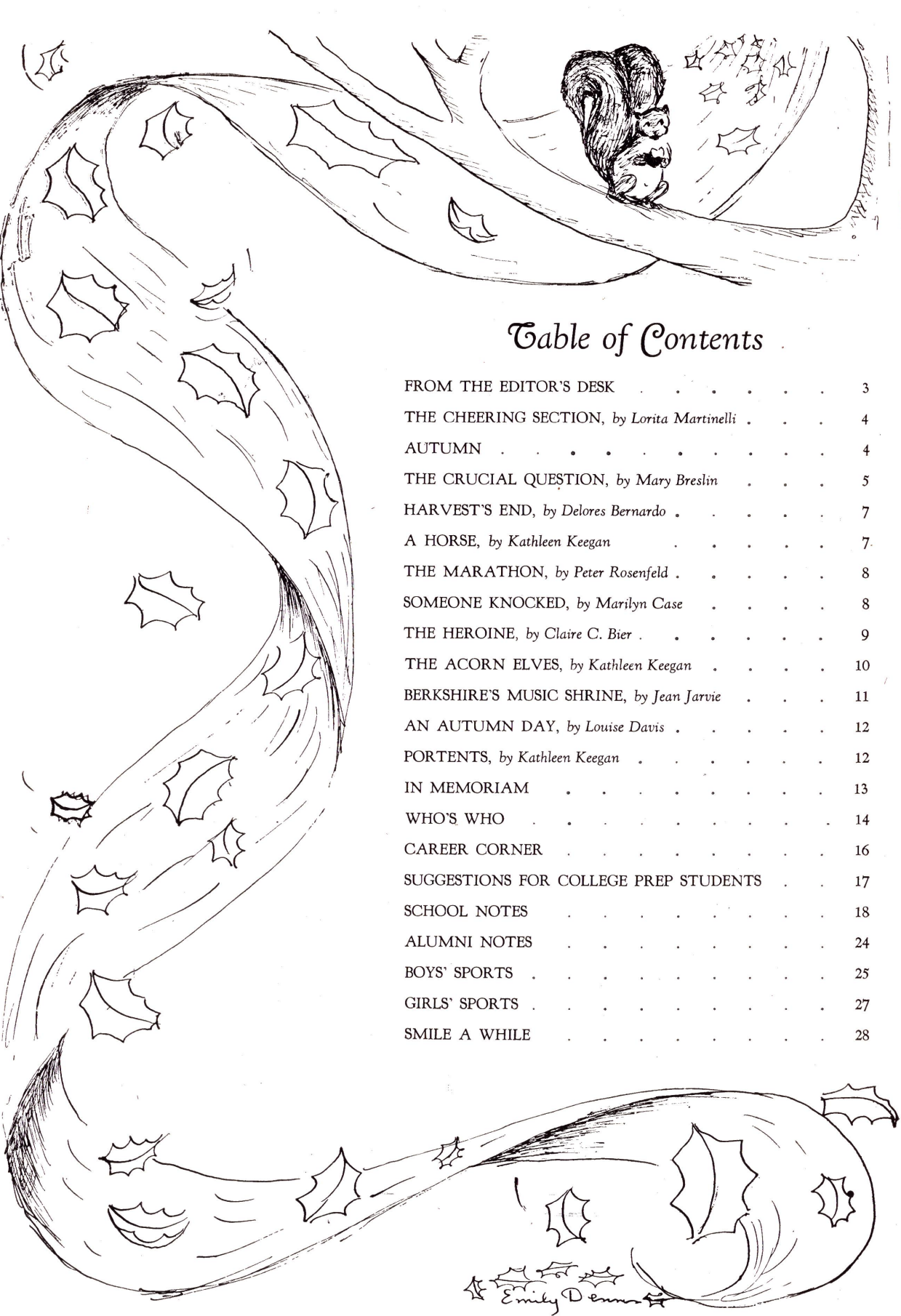


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From the EDITOR'S DESK

Something New

By Faith Whiting, '50

SOMETHING new has been added . . . In addition to the usual crop of sophomores, we also welcome this fall a group of wide-eyed ninth-graders who entered Pittsfield High School as freshmen in September. It has been twenty-six years since we have had a freshman class.

We knew that there would be no vacant seats in Pittsfield High this year, yet we were prepared to like you in spite of your crowding us. You may have heard mutterings about "all these little freshmen cluttering things up" as the upper classmen stood in long lines in the cafeteria during the first few days; but, for the most part, we have taken you to our hearts. We have made you welcome on our teams and in our extra-curricular activities. We hope you've begun to feel that you belong.

We need your enthusiasm, your support at our games. We need you behind our teams, win or lose, and behind our school projects, such as raising money for a fund, or selling tickets for a Booster Day.

In regard to after-school activities, join one

or two of the clubs that interest you. Join now in your first year. Don't be hesitant because you feel you lack ability. These clubs are formed to help develop your skill.

If you aren't husky enough for football, how about the Glee Club or the Rifle Club? If you are interested in learning the intricacies of photography, the Camera Club is open to you. There is the Motion Picture Club, which meets on Friday afternoons to discuss the latest pictures, so why not go, if you're a movie fan, and get in on the discussion? And last but not least, there are the many different departments of THE STUDENT'S PEN Club, which would be glad to have you working with them. Whatever your interests, there is some group in school that needs you as a member.

The important thing is for everybody to get into the life of the school. School can mean so much more than just homework every night. So do your part by becoming an active participant in the life of our school. Give Pittsfield High School your enthusiastic and loyal support.

The Cheering Section

By Lorita Martinelli, '50

PITTSFIELD High School can well be rated athletically as the best school in Berkshire County. With massive Johnny Perrone leading our football team and petite Patricia Hughes captaining the capable cheerleaders, there seems to be nothing in our way to stop us from capturing the Berkshire County crown.

But—since we have the best team and the best cheerleaders in Berkshire County—why can't we also have the best cheering section? This rests entirely upon you—the student body. We know it can be done, judging from the pep and energy that is shown at football rallies, so why not exert yourselves just a little bit more and show us what you really can do at our next game? Led by our snappy cheerleaders, Dianne Schuster, Ruth Thompson, Lorita Martinelli, captain Patricia Hughes, Joan Rosa, Rosemary Monterosso, Barbara Sultaire, and Marcia Viale, we should really be able to make a lasting impression upon our opposition. This plea is being directed, not only to the females of Pittsfield High, but also to those big, "timid" males who help to constitute a large attendance at games.

Remember, it's the support and cheering from the crowd that goads our team on to victory. Without it P. H. S. would falter. So come on, don't let our team down—give it a lift instead! Your support will do it!

The new Junior Varsity Cheerleaders who have been selected for this year's squad are as follows: Rosemary Channen, Eleanor Vogt, Josephine Lombardi, Eleanor Egan, Norma Quadrozzi, Patricia Farrell, Joan Learned, Josephine Mancivalano, and Judith Case. These girls are working hard at practices, and the results of their efforts will soon be seen at their approaching debut. We hope you'll like them!

New cheers are constantly being worked out by the cheerleaders. If anyone would like to contribute ideas to this cause, they would be greatly appreciated. Any further suggestions for improvements should be given to one of the cheerleading squad.

Freshmen and Sophomores, you're the newcomers here! Certainly you should have some contributions to make. Where are they? Let's hear from you!

Pittsfield High School now boasts the largest student body in its history. Let's make her cheering section heard round the county! Come on, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors—it's all up to you! Let's go!!

AUTUMN

By Donald Reid, '50

Bright tinted leaves flutter gently to the garden bed,

Where golden pumpkins mid rustling corn stalks stand

Waiting to be gathered by the harvester.

Upon the garden fence the vines are laden with clusters of purple grapes,

Whose luscious nectar will make joyous a cold winter night.

The sky is the blue of morning.

I stop and gaze, as if at a precious jewel,

For what sapphire or turquoise can compare with the hue of autumn's sky?

Birds wing their way southward,

Their song, a sad refrain, "Summer is over."

Flaming mountainsides give warmth to the frosty sun.

Mother Nature covers field and forest with a tufted quilt of violet, red, and orange.

She wears a scarlet robe and crown of gold, As through the land she walks in beauty.

The Crucial Question

By Mary Breslin, '53

JULIE slammed her locker door and snapped the lock shut. "Linda, I've got to go to Miss Paige's room. Wait for me. O.K.? I'll only be a minute."

"O.K.," Linda agreed. "But make it snappy. What's she want you for?"

"You tell me, and we'll both know," Julie called over her shoulder as she hurried down the hall. But that question had a familiar ring—and no wonder, for it had been drumming through Julie's own mind ever since, at the end of her geometry class, Miss Paige had said casually, "Oh, Julie, will you come back here at two-forty-five? There's a little matter I have to discuss with you."

Oh, it had been said so casually! But what could Miss Paige possibly want her for? Her marks were almost always among the highest in the class, and she always behaved well. What could it be?

Miss Paige was seated at her desk, correcting papers. She looked up as Julie entered, and smiled. "Hello, Julie! Sit down." She waited until Julie was settled, then continued.

"It's a well-known fact that some of our football players aren't keeping their marks high enough to allow them to play," she began. "Mr. Bradley asked me to have some of the smarter students tutor them in their spare time, if they would be willing—"

Through her daze Julie gradually gathered Miss Paige's meaning. She wanted her, Julie, to tutor Wes Jarman! He was a regular on the team, though only a junior, and it was a popular rumor that next year Jarman would be captain. It was needless to say that in the back of almost every girl's mind lingered an unspoken dream about Wes Jarman and herself!

"But Miss Paige!" started Julie, horrified at the thought of undertaking such a task, but

she was interrupted by the teacher, who, accidentally or not, misunderstood Julie's meaning.

"I know it's asking a lot, Julie, but will you do it—for the sake of the school, if nothing else?"

"For the sake of the school!" thought a bewildered Julie. "All right, Miss Paige, I'll do it—for the sake of the school," she consented, thrilled at the vast meaning of her own promise.

Miss Paige beamed at her. "That's fine, Julie; I knew you'd do it." She glanced impatiently at the clock. "I told Wesley to be here after school, but you can never depend on him to be on time!"

"I can wait," thought Julie dreamily. Her head was crammed with thoughts of Wes. What a wonderful way for a romance to begin! It certainly would be a romance; that Julie was sure of! He would see her—

Suddenly Julie's thoughts were interrupted by a loud, boisterous laugh outside the door. Evidently Wes had arrived and brought a friend. Whoever he was, he said loudly, "I'll wait for you here. Hurry up!" And Wes's great bulk loomed in the door, as Julie's heart did a somersault at the sight of him.

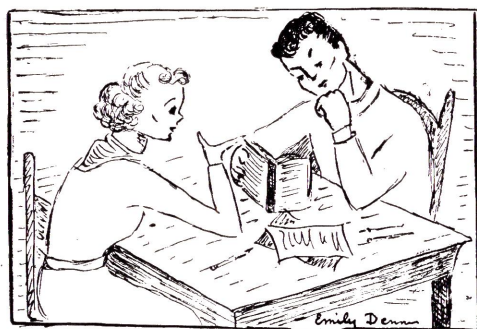
"Well, Wesley, you're late!" was Miss Paige's greeting.

"I know," said Wes, without offering an excuse of any kind. "What 'yu want?"

In a few brief words Miss Paige explained the situation to him. "And so, Wesley, you have your choice. Either accept Julie's kind offer, or forget about playing football."

Wes looked at Julie casually with a tantalizing smile on his lips while she tried to remain calm and rather dignified.

"My choice? What choice? You know that I haven't any." He heaved a heart-



rending sigh, and spoke to Julie for the first time. "O.K., teacher, when do the lessons start?"

"I'll be free tonight. You can be at my house at eight—37 Sea Street. Please don't forget your book," she said coolly. And with that she sailed off down the hall to join Linda.

All the way home the girls chattered of nothing else.

"Oh, Julie, what a chance for you! How I envy you!" Linda moaned delightedly. And then Julie's ecstasy was abruptly shattered when Linda said, "What about Dave? Won't he be jealous?"

Dave! He had completely slipped Julie's mind. She had been going with Dave for three or four years, and there was a feeling of warm friendship between them, nothing more. However, it was the general belief that Julie was Dave's personal property. If Julie had her eyes on Wes, it probably wouldn't be very well appreciated by Dave. Swiftly Julie made a mental comparison of the two boys. Wes, a tall, husky, and fairly good-looking, but not over intelligent football idol—and Dave, a serious, brilliant boy, active in student government and various projects and not displeasing to look at. But which one was for her?

"Oh, I don't care what Dave thinks. He doesn't run my life," she said impatiently. "And anyway, I'm just doing Miss Paige a favor. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," Linda agreed. But each girl knew the hidden possibilities which lay behind that favor.

... It was later that evening, and Julie was seated in the study, reflecting on the events of the evening. Wes had just gone, leaving Julie in a mild state of despair. On the table before her lay a sheet of paper covered with doodlings—the result of a test she had given him to find out where he stood. He worked so industriously she was beginning to believe she had an apt pupil, instead of the lame-brained idiot he was made out to be. So it was natural that she was rather shocked when the exam paper displayed little drawings spread all over it.

"Your artistic ability is fine," she said caustically. "How about your geometry?"

He was evidently peeved that his little prank had not been better appreciated. "Look," he replied angrily, "I didn't come here to find out that I didn't know anything! Why don't you start teaching?"

Well, heaven knows she tried. She patiently attempted to review, but he proved absolutely uncooperative. At the lesson's end she found herself actually glad to close the door behind him.

But as the lessons progressed, so did Wes, slowly, very slowly, but surely. Sometimes Julie got so angry she could easily have thrown a book at him, but she restrained herself. After two weeks' time the glamour wore off, but she kept at it. Then one day, when he proved absolutely too hard to handle, she calmly closed her book, with the remark, "I can't teach you anything the way you're carrying on. When you're ready to settle down and learn something, you may come back, but until then goodbye." And with that she swept out of the room, leaving an astounded Wes staring in her wake.

For two days she saw nothing of him. Then, on the third day, she found him waiting for her at her locker. He grinned shamefully. "O. K., teacher, I've reformed. When do the lessons start again?"

Meanwhile Julie hadn't had much spare time to spend with Dave. He had shown only

mild discontent on discovering Julie's tutoring job, for he never dreamed Julie would or could give him up for a boy like Wes.

Soon the crucial exam day arrived, and by a miracle of luck and Julie's teaching, Wes managed to get a passing grade. The necessity for extra lessons was over, and to her surprise Julie found herself not sorry. Everything had worked out fine, and Wes had shown in many little ways how grateful he was to her. But Julie was entirely unprepared for what happened about four days after the exam.

Wes met Julie leaving school.

"Hi teacher, going my way?"

He fell in step with her, so she inquired how his geometry was coming.

"Just fine, thanks to you." And suddenly he was serious. "Julie," he said soberly, "how'd you like to go to the Prom with me?"

Julie was overwhelmingly surprised. For a mere second she hesitated—what girl wouldn't give an arm or a leg to go to the

Prom with Wes Jarman! But Dave had already asked her, and she knew it would hurt his feelings deeply if she went with Wes now. Dave really liked her, but she knew Wes could never be serious about her. Suddenly she realized that now that she had the choice to make, she chose Dave.

"I'm sorry, Wes", she replied sincerely, "I've already promised Dave."

Wes was visibly shocked. "You serious?" was his first startled comment, but he regained his poise instantly. "You're a funny kid, Julie," he said, and then, for an instant, he was serious again. "You're better off with him—lots—" And then the barriers were up again, with a distant aloof Wes walking at her side. No one would ever believe, much less Julie herself, that Wes had said those words.

"Well, goodbye, teacher," was Wes's only comment as he turned the corner. "Goodbye, Wes," she half whispered. And she knew that this time it *was* goodbye—forever.

HARVEST'S END

By Delores Bernardo, '50

Like a horn of plenty, spilling over the land,
Fields are ripe and bulging, pumpkins big and grand.

Like a mighty storehouse, crammed to over-run,
Fields are ripe and bulging, earth's baked by the sun.

Like a mighty basket, heaped with things so fine,
Fields are ripe and bulging, pungent grapes upon the vine.

Like a mighty army, men toil from dawn to dusk;
Fields are ripe and bulging, with peas and beans and corn on husk.

Like a mighty blanket, snow falls, and sun's no more;
Fields are stripped of glory, the harvest time is o'er!



A HORSE

By Kathleen Keegan, '51

I never dreamed that anything
So stuffed with hay inside
Could be so very, very hard
Until I tried to ride.

The Marathon

By Peter Rosenfeld, '53

UNFORTUNATELY, what I believe to be the greatest and most unique marathon ever run on two legs in this modern era, will never be recorded in a history book,—not even in the Berkshire County racing journal, if there be such a sheet.

If you would like to witness this daily phenomenon, place yourself on the route from Room 231 to the third-floor lockers, or from this by-station to the lunch cafeteria. It is advisable, however, to wear a suit of armor; but if this is asking too much, be sure to stand in some safe, secure hideout. If you do not believe this to be an essential safety measure, ask our unfortunate friends at Pittsfield General, whose pardon we take this opportunity to ask.

Like the famous Greek marathon, this race is run as a necessity; but unlike that race, our objective has to this date never been achieved successfully.

To get down to facts, the sprint begins instantaneously on the second buzzer that announces the end of the third period at 11.55 A. M. Like a gang of crooks attempting desperately to escape from the scene of their latest crime, we charge out of Room 231 and quite easily accomplish the short trot to the southeastern stairway, whereupon the ascent to the third floor begins. The more elementary participants skip only three steps at a time, whereas the more skillful skip four to five steps at one clip. The obstacle course from the top of the stairway to the locker has been officially timed at 5:45 seconds, although it is believed the watch was running slightly slow that day. The two-legged obstacles are passed as gracefully as wind passing through a field of wheat (most of the time). Needless to say the lockers are opened before you can say—oh, well, before you can recite the alphabet

backwards, and we soon are on our way again. The eastern stairway is our descending course. This is, I believe, an appropriate time to state proudly that we're the only living bodies that go down stairways without stepping on any actual stairs. The only points at which we come directly in contact with terra firma are the landings, due to unequal broad jumps, executed with daring nerve.

As you all must know, the smart runner puts everything he has into the last few feet, and we are no exceptions. Like scissors, we cut through the innocent people walking calmly through the basement, tending to their own business. Finally, our destination is reached, but this, the finale, is the most pathetic portion of our story. We are invariably met by the same kindly teacher, who regretfully informs us that all the seats are taken and that we must stand to eat our sandwiches. But unlike the timid and cowardly, who are easily discouraged, we still run the daily marathon in the hope that one miraculous day we shall be rewarded with one small hard seat for each of us to sit on as we eat our lunches.

SOMEONE KNOCKED

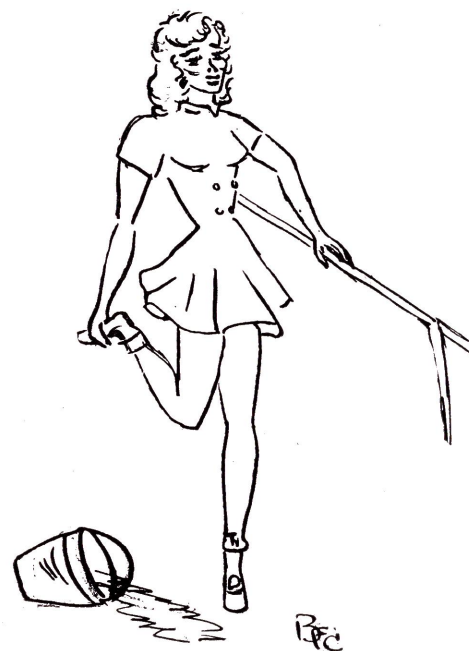
By Marilyn Case '53

Someone knocked upon the door.,
I rose to let him in.
I peered outside, no one was there,
No one but the whistling wind.

As I stood upon the threshold
And gazed at the noonday sun,
I saw a branch of scarlet leaves
And knew 'twas Autumn who'd come.

The Heroine

By Claire C. Bier, '51



JEANNE was on top of the world! Here she was, a senior, and a cheerleader to boot, with the big game coming up Saturday afternoon. How excited she felt! "Imagine," she thought, "my very first football game as a cheerleader, inspiring thousands, shouting my team to victory!"

For two weeks the whole school had been buzzing with talk about the game. It was the only topic of conversation by the lockers, in the cafeteria, in the halls; in fact, whenever and wherever boys and girls got together, one was sure to hear: "Boy, our opening game, defending our championship! We've just got to win!" or "Our team's powerful this year. We're a sure bet to win—I hope!"

On Friday afternoon there was a rally for the game. Against the blare of the band and the wild insistent beating of the drums, the student body yelled itself hoarse. The excitement in the air couldn't be denied. It

rose, went higher yet, until by game time Saturday it was at fever pitch

Jeanne stood there on the as-yet-empty football field, watching the happy, excited, yelling crowd rush in and scramble for seats. And there was the band—playing away louder than ever, adding to the thrill Jeanne felt. Now the crowd began to sing—football songs, college cheers, anything they could think of, while Jeanne jumped and shouted and cheered and wished with all her heart that she could do something to help her team win this game. But there is really nothing that a girl can do on a football field except lend her moral support, so Jeanne just hoped and prayed with all her might and yelled her encouragement.

The game started off with a bang! In the first three minutes their opponents scored a touchdown. It was a surprise move and filled Jeanne with apprehension as she saw her school's powerful team driven back many yards. It was only a small consolation to her that the visitors lost the extra point after the touchdown. The crowd behind her became restless for action from their eleven. "Fight, team, beat 'em back! Fight, team, fight!" The cheers rose loud and strong, but at the end of the first quarter the score had not been changed. "6-0—Visitors" read that ominous blackboard.

Between quarters, the crowd cheered only half-heartedly, but gained back their hope when the second quarter began. It, too, started with a rush, but this time it was the home team that drove back their opponents, the captain making a brilliant run to score a touchdown. Their kick for the extra point was good. Now they led the visitors by one point. Though each team tried earnestly, no other points were added and at the half the score remained 7-6, for the home team—Jeanne's team! During the intermission the

crowd went wild, and enthusiastic cheering marked their roused spirits. Now they had a change again!

But the third quarter was disappointing. Neither team scored a point. Back and forth the teams surged, gaining and losing ground, but scoring nothing.

Then came the fourth and last quarter. In a hushed, electric silence, the crowd watched every move with a hopeful, expectant eye. Jeanne could hardly bear the waiting anxiety and longed to grab the ball herself and run for a touchdown. Now—action at last—but the wrong kind! With horror and dismay the praying fans watched as a burly man of the opposing side caught a pass and started to run frantically toward the goal line with no opposition. Jeanne seemed rooted to the spot by horror when she saw the player rushing toward her, unhampered by runners from her side. Closer and closer—now he was past her! With growing dismay she watched as he drew nearer to the goal posts. But now Jeanne jumped up, hoping that perhaps the power of suggestion would bring out someone to tackle him. And it really did, though not in the way she had imagined. When she jumped up from her seat on the twenty-yard line, she didn't notice that the water-boy had left his bucket near her feet, and in her anxiety, she pushed her foot right into its ice-cold contents. With an ear-piercing scream that could be heard well into the next state, she danced about, hugging her tingling, freezing, soaking foot. As if one person, the surprised crowd took its attention away from the player with the ball and turned to stare at Jeanne to see what mayhem had been committed. Even the ball-carrier turned to see if someone was being burned at the stake. And that was his undoing, for curiosity and touchdowns don't mix. He had been going at a terrific rate of speed and turned very suddenly. The swift move made him lose his balance. He tripped and fell—only a few yards away from the crucial posts. The ball flew out of

his hands and bounced harmlessly out of bounds. Before anyone could recover his stunned senses, the quarter had ended and the game was over. Jeanne had saved the day by stopping that last touchdown and was now a heroine. It isn't every girl that gets a chance to win a game for her school, but Jeanne, with the aid of a water-bucket, really screamed her team to victory.



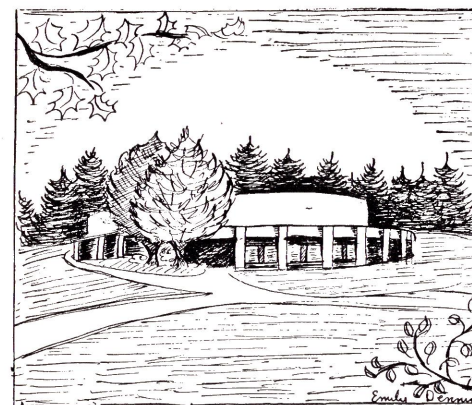
THE ACORN ELVES

By Kathleen Keegan, '51

The acorn elves enjoy themselves
Playing from midnight till dawn.
They run and jump, play hide-and-seek
Among the leaves and on the lawn.
They sing their songs, do elfin jigs
Atop the slowly swaying twigs.
In knobby caps and suits of brown,
They climb the trees, then topple down.
Another group finds fun in tag,
Chasing the ones who seem to lag.
The lookouts peek from birds' nests high,
All ready to give the warning cry
To signal when the day's first light
Warns elves to hide themselves from sight.

Berkshire's Music Shrine

By Jean Jarvie, '50



WHILE on one of those ambling rides one delights to take in the Berkshires—not far from home at any time but just rolling along slowly, enjoying each new panorama as it presents itself—we came upon Tanglewood. I had never seen the "Music Shed" without people on all sides. What would it be like in September? Would it be lonely?

Tanglewood,—a music center for the multitudes, was the dream of Dr. Koussevitzky and its founders. It is that—no one can deny. The gates are open throughout the year for all to enjoy the beautiful estate.

We walked through the deserted formal garden surrounded by an evergreen hedge, looked at the pool with the goldfish swimming unconcernedly around, and admired the expanse of lawn with its magnificent elms, pines, and birches. Finally we stood and gazed across the meadows, over the blue waters of Stockbridge Bowl, and toward the rolling hills, which were taking on their frost-bitten autumn colors.

As we continued to drift aimlessly about enjoying the beautiful fall day, we were drawn to the big shed, now deserted except

for two or three Sunday visitors. I mounted the stage and looked at that sea of empty chairs, which would soon be covered over to protect them from the winter weather. A bit of something white caught my eye. It was a ticket stub, forgotten by the cleanup crew, for an afternoon concert in August, 1949. What a different picture that little stub brought to mind. Then the shed was full of people. They spilled out on the lawn—folks sitting on camp stools, lying on rugs sociably eating picnic lunches, and serious students, carrying instruments about, for Tanglewood is also a school for choral and chamber music, opera, and composition. For a few weeks in the summer, students of proved ability work and play at the Music Center. An opera house, a chamber music hall, and small studios are available for them. Among these is the famous Hawthorne cottage, where the "House of Seven Gables" and "The Wonder Book" were prepared. Four hundred fifty students called this home for six weeks and were given the inspiration and help of Dr. Koussevitzky and all the members of the Boston Symphony. A great part of the time the outdoors is their practice hall, and the air is filled with their melodies.

As concert time approached, the voices, laughter, and bustle of the crowd continued, while the musicians strolled leisurely on to the stage. A lonesome little "A" from the oboe, and a whole stage full of rather bored looking musicians became alert and started to work. A hush of expectancy fell over the audience as Dr. Koussevitzky, an enthusiastic, distinguished looking man with a kindly air, entered amidst a hearty burst of applause. He ascended the podium and raised his baton. The breath of the spectators seemed suspended for a moment. In an instant the little world of Tanglewood was transformed by the

voices of the orchestra, sometimes soft, haunting, or pleading, again thunderous, elated, or demanding. For the remainder of the afternoon the audience was transported to worlds of their own imagination.

All kinds of people were together here for one purpose, to enjoy the great music of the ages; and for a brief while, troubles and petty differences were forgotten as folks from all walks of life took the comfort and inspiration they needed for the enrichment of their lives.

The baton has made its final sweep for the season. The last note is a cherished memory.

A month later, on this fair September day, the only sounds were echoes in the great shed, and the soft swish of the dry leaves as they came to earth, the rustle of the breeze through the pine trees, and the muted little thud as the acorns fell from a great oak.

Again as we strolled around, I thought—Is it lonely now? No, a temple can never be lonely. This is indeed a large, modern “temple of music”, and just as surely as a little chipmunk sat at the foot of a large tree near the small shed watching us with beady eyes, so this temple waits and watches majestically, knowing that by its use, Bernsteins present and future will be able to meet their destinies. Another year other thousands of people will enjoy themselves according to their abilities. For as each leaf falls from the trees . . .

“Unbound they lie.
Yet in each falling leaf you read the mystery
Of birth and death.
For from their mould shall rise
Tall trees unto the skies
With next spring's breath.”

Thus Tanglewood each summer will come to life with its noise and bustle, but when the maestro ascends the podium and raises his baton once more, music, the great leveler, will hold sway. Tanglewood will stand, “A symbol of the maintenance of those very elements of civilization for which the free peoples of the world have won their fight”.

An Autumn Day

By Louise Davis, '50

THE sun is now rising in the northeast, which means the days are getting shorter and the air crisper. As the sun climbs higher, the day grows warmer, and all the frost and coldness vanish.

Now the maples are brilliant red and golden yellow, while on the ground lie old brown leaves that fell at the first breath of autumn. In the background the firs and pines show many shades of green which blend with the colorful maples.

The squirrels are working hard, gathering nuts and supplies for the winter. They seem to sense the cold winter, and they aren't going to let today go to waste.

A little brook sings cheerfully as it goes along its course as if it knew that this day might be the last warm, fair day. Tomorrow the brook may be a prisoner in an icy cell.

All nature is enjoying this sunny, autumn day, but like all other days, it must come to an end. Too soon the sun sets in the northeast. The air grows chill. One of the last warm, sunny days is gone.

PORTENTS

By Kathleen Keegan, '51

In the early morn
You often hear
The call of ducks
As they fly near.
'Tis then you see
The leaves turn brown;
You feel the winds
That blow them down.
The days grow short;
The nights are clear.
The cold, pale moon
Means fall is here.
The ducks start south
Because they know
These signs all tell
There'll soon be snow.

In Memoriam



HAROLD E. LYNCH

Instructor in Physics
Pittsfield High School 1930-1949

The shock at the untimely passing of Harold E. Lynch is exceeded only by the sense of loss which is shared by every member of the School Department and by every one of his students, past and present.

The rule of his life was a whole-hearted devotion to the service of youth; every other consideration was secondary in his nature. Never content to be complacent, he was ever alert to improving himself professionally for greater service to his students.

The full measure of his contribution to Pittsfield High School was first brought home to us when he left for active duty as an officer in the Air Forces during the recent war. How immeasurably more do we miss him today when we realize that his professional skill as a teacher of physics, his insight into youth, and his devotion to duty are now but an inspiring memory.

On behalf of the School Department and myself, I wish to extend our deepest sympathy and condolences to the bereaved wife and relatives.

Edward J. Russell
Superintendent of Schools

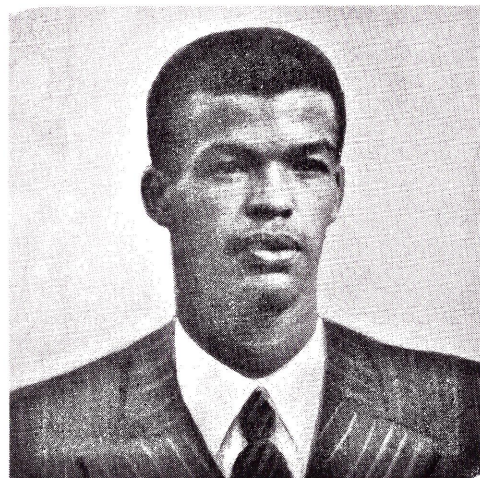
Those of us who have witnessed the informal gatherings between classes around the teacher's desk in Room 330 and who have heard the hearty laughs of the instructor and pupils, know best the close and friendly relationship that existed between Mr. Lynch and his boys and girls. The establishment of such a relationship is evidence of a kindly, friendly, and sensitive nature, which made Mr. Lynch a good teacher and a good friend.

Roy M. Strout
Principal, Pittsfield High School

Mr. Lynch's sudden death was a severe shock to all of us at Pittsfield High. Not only the faculty, but also many of the students who have studied under him have suffered a great loss with his passing. Many of us had him as a physics teacher and found that besides being a teacher, he was a person who was ready to help us and give his time in any circumstance. It is with a feeling of loss that we realize that Mr. Lynch will no longer be with us and that his hours in the classroom with us are now but fond memories.

Faith Whiting, 1950

WHO'S WHO



SENIOR'S CHOICE

When not busy with the duties of a Senior Class President, Donald Morehead, whatever the season may be, has a favorite pastime. In the spring, when baseball is in the air, "Moe" plays center field. When the cold winds of winter blow, he's out on the basketball court where he's earned himself the reputation of being one of the speediest guards in Western Massachusetts. Right now, with a long string of touchdowns to his credit, "Moe" is playing his special brand of football on the gridiron, and it was just this brand of ball carrying that won him a place on the All-Berkshire football team last year.

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Here is a senior we all know. Patricia Daignault is serving, for the second successive year, as the very capable Business Manager of THE STUDENT'S PEN. Pat is a member of Beta-Tri-Hi-Y. Although she hasn't much time for hobbies, she enjoys bowling and driving her father's car "all over" Pittsfield. As for food, she says apple pie a la mode will do any time. After graduation Pat plans to study at the University of Massachusetts, in preparation for a career as a research chemist. We know that she will succeed in her ambition.

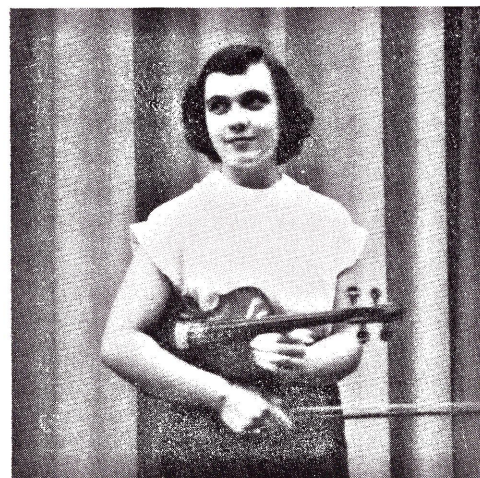


CONCERT MISTRESS

We are very fortunate to have Rita Goldstein as concert mistress at Pittsfield High School this year. Rita, a very talented violinist, is also a member of the Berkshire Symphony Orchestra.

Being a music lover, she is always delighted by the concerts at Tanglewood. Rita says that music by Brahms is the best. Bike riding, walking, and eating blueberry pie are on her list of preferences.

We are sure that she will achieve her ambition, for it is to become a concert violinist.



November, 1949

15

"THE BIG WHEEL"

88-69—he's over! That, by the way, is none other than John Perrone, the spark-plug of our football team, crashing through for another touchdown. This muscle-bulging senior lists spaghetti and meatballs as his favorite dish. History with Mr. Carey rates high with Johnnie, and there isn't anything he likes better than to just sit and listen to good, solid history (much!) Johnnie is rather biased when it comes to girls—he seems to prefer a variety of "blondes", but as to which particular one—well, he just can't make up his mind! It's a pretty hard choice, John! After graduation, he would like to continue his studies at college.



BRASS

Students, meet Dick Ross, better known as "Brass". When it comes to playing football, Dick needs no introduction. Besides football, he takes part in track and baseball. "Brass" combines his favorite food along with his favorite pastime—namely, playing football and eating ice cream. Rainy days and Red Sox fans are his pet peeves.

When it comes to girls, he thinks they're all nice, but from the title of his favorite song, "Where Are You"????!! it looks as if he's scouting around. "Brass" plans to continue his education after he graduates from P. H. S. Good luck, "Brass".



YEA, PITTSFIELD!

This vivacious young lady, as you probably know by now, is Patricia Hughes. "Pat," as she is called by nearly everyone, is the snappy captain of this year's cheerleaders. Even though she outwardly appears perfectly calm and seems to take the pep rallies right in stride, Pat confidentially admits that she is really "scared to death". Pat's favorite song is "Again", and she is especially partial to apple pie, French fried potatoes and dancing. Pat hopes to attend Larson College in New Haven. Good luck, Pat, and may your school years at Larson be pleasant ones.



CAREER CORNER



"There was no particular reason for my wanting to be a nurse. I just like to care for people, I guess." These were the words of Mrs. George Bagley, a graduate of Pittsfield High School in the class of 1940.

Mrs. Bagley, a tall, slim brunette, graciously consented to be interviewed during one of her free hours, which are few, as she is now caring for polio patients at Sampson Memorial Hospital. Her nursing career began in the fall of 1941 when she entered Presbyterian Hospital in New York City for a three year course, after which she continued working there.

In January, 1945, Mrs. Bagley, who was Marjorie Sayles at the time, entered the Army and after basic training went to Holleran Veterans' Hospital on Long Island, where she cared for servicemen until sent overseas. She did no actual combat nursing, as the war had just ended when her boat docked in England. While stationed there for seven months, she made frequent trips to Scotland, which, in her opinion, is just as the story-books depict it—a land of rolling countryside and the highland fling.

Germany was her next destination and there she cared for American and Polish soldiers for five months. The modern struc-

tures of Germany impressed her greatly as they resemble American buildings more so than do the British.

After spending two years in the service she returned to civilian life as a nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital. While in Boston she met George Bagley of Williamstown and wedding bells soon tolled. The love of classical music is shared by the Bagleys, and they have a fine collection of old as well as new recordings.

When asked if she had any advice to give to those interested in the nursing profession, Mrs. Bagley stressed the importance of wanting to care for people, not for the monetary recompense, which is comparatively small, but for the satisfaction which is received from knowing that your work is needed and appreciated. She also expressed the desire that girls investigate the field of nursing, as there is a great need for capable nurses which must be answered in the near future.

GUIDE LINES

What should I do after I leave high school—go to college or go to work? What college? What work? Where can I find what my aptitudes and interests are? Can I get a scholarship? To whom can I go to get help with these problems?

The Counseling system at the high school has been organized to assist you with these problems among others. Each grade has a man and a woman teacher who has been assigned as teacher-counselor for the boys and girls in that grade. Among the many duties they have are those connected with the above questions.

Personnel files for each student, containing the results of all aptitude, achievement, and interest tests, as well as other background material which will help you to make up your

mind as to your future course of action, are kept up to date by your teacher-counselor. They have access to files of occupational and educational information of all kinds and are in a position to get this material for you. Ask them when you need special help with these problems or any other problem connected with school. Don't wait until it's too late—get the information you need early! If it's just college catalog information, the high school library has duplicate copies of current catalogs you may use, as well as some occupational books and pamphlets. If you need more information, see your counselor!

COUNSELORS

Grade 9—Miss Keegan

Mr. Walsh

Grade 10—Miss Millet

Mr. Reagan

Grade 11—Miss Beahan

Mr. Conroy

Grade 12—Miss Bulger

Mr. Reynolds

SUGGESTIONS FOR COLLEGE PREPARATORY STUDENTS

The following observations are based upon reports secured from a recent conference of principals, guidance counsellors, and college directors of admission.

1. This year the College Board Exams will be given in March instead of April. If a boy or girl thinks he will be compelled to offer exam results for college admission, he should plan to take them twice, once in December and once in March.

2. It is still advisable to apply to several colleges unless you have received provisional acceptance from one.

3. If the college you wish to attend requires the College Board Exam, see your counsellor for information concerning what to take. Generally you should take exams in subjects you took in your senior year.

4. Where you stand in your class compared to the other members of your class is

extremely important in admission. Also of great importance is: 1, your ability to work with others. 2, initiative. 3, emotional stability. 4, industry. 5, responsibility. 6, seriousness of purpose. 7, concern for others.

5. Colleges ask the principal to rate a college applicant on the basis of the above qualities. You are also rated on these and similar characteristics by your high school teachers.

6. "I can unqualifiedly recommend the applicant for admission." This sentence written by the principal is the secret of getting into college. Enable him to write it.

7. Most scholarships are awarded on the basis of necessity, scholastic accomplishment, and extra-curricular activities.

8. Athletic scholarships are still available for the football player or basketball player who is an above average athlete. And for admission to the big colleges, he must possess the right subjects and a decent average.

9. Specific opportunities are:

A. University of Massachusetts will admit 300 girls and 500 boys in 1950.

B. University of Vermont will admit 800, half of them from states other than Vermont.

C. Harvard will admit the same number as previously.

D. Bowdoin—apply during or at end of your junior year.

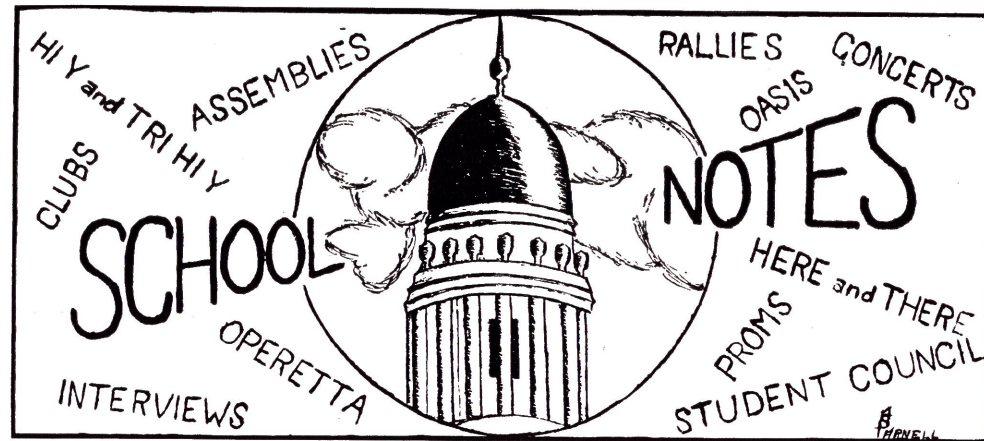
E. Columbia doesn't want applications before 3½ years have been completed.

F. At Barnard, apply at end of your junior year, as well as for all other women's colleges such as Wells, Wellesley, Radcliffe, etc.

G. Massachusetts Teachers' College—apply at the end of junior year or early in fall of senior year.

H. Dartmouth—apply at end of junior year or early in your senior year.

I. M.I.T. will receive applications at any time. Final application in December of senior year; however, there is no dead line.



Delores Bernardo, Editor

Irma Bosma, Mary Callanan, Paula Coughlin, Louise Davis, Marcia Fink, Vanda Francese, Joan Gaudette, Betty Jaspar, Lorita Martinelli, Jane Phair, Joan Phair, James Renzi, Richard Shook, Marcia Viale.

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

Let's take a stroll around the rooms and get acquainted with the new members of the faculty.

First, let's go down to Room 231 where we will see Miss Laurretta M. Guiltinan, who says she has eighty young ladies and gentlemen who don't like to be called "my juniors". As she teaches English nine, Miss Guiltinan's hobby is collecting pencils to supply bewildered English pupils. Ahem!

She loves all sports, but is bullied by four brothers (unfortunately) into preference for the Red Sox and Notre Dame. Last year she was a bowler in the Teacher's League and coached ninth grade girls' softball team.

Miss Guiltinan's favorite pastime is listening to and joining in on any kind of discussion, so if there is any particular subject you'd like to discuss, why not stop in at 231 sometime after school and talk about it.

Next, let's visit Mr. Bruno J. Gauvreau in Room 149. We welcome him from Plunkett Junior High School. An excellent math and algebra teacher, Mr. Gauvreau is known for his explicit command, and I quote, "Write it out." Unquote. He has helped out many a pupil with a math problem in the past and would be very happy to straighten out anyone's difficulties in the future. Incidentally, Mr. Gauvreau speaks several languages fluently.

After saying au revoir to Mr. Gauvreau, let's journey to 141 to meet Mr. Arthur B. Phinney, who teaches technical subjects to future engineers. He is new, not only to Pittsfield High School, but also to the teaching profession.

Mr. Phinney held a position at the General Electric before he came here.

His favorite pastime is driving or travel. If you talk to him for any length of time, you'll find his hobby to be chickens, and his favorite expression, "Either that or a ham sandwich."

Next on our list of new faculty is Miss Anne Elizabeth Clair Nesbit, teacher of science and math. Originally a chemist from Rensselaer, N.Y. she thinks Pittsfield is simply super, and in our estimation Miss Nesbit is also simply super.

She is very busy with her social activities, serving as president of the Teacher's Bowling League, president of the Berkshire Chapter of the College of Our Lady of The Elms, a member of the Critics' Forum Committee, and a member of the F. M. T. A. She is also an enthusiastic golfer. These she adds to a full schedule at P. H. S., where she teaches five classes and supervises a locker section.

Up on the third floor we find Miss Sarah E. Reagan from Crane Junior High School, whose specialty is ninth grade Latin. Miss Reagan believes Pittsfield High School is a

very fine school (natch) and states that everyone has been so good to her that she hasn't one complaint. An active member of The Book Club, she admits that her favorite pastime is reading. She also finds great pleasure in cooking and trying out new recipes. Equally well, Miss Reagan likes to draw, paint, and watch basketball and tennis.

While on the third floor, let's stop over to see Mr. William S. M. Montgomery in Room 308. Here at Pittsfield High School he teaches drafting and mechanics to the technical students. Mr. Montgomery's favorite sport is football. In '39, while attending high school in Brookline, Massachusetts, he played on the football team (Eastern Mass. Class B. Champs). He also played as a freshman, in '40, at Brown University, and when a sophomore he made the Varsity football team and played on it from '41-'43. At the present time he is active in golf and tennis. He is also clever at the piano and organ.

Back down on the second floor, let's visit Miss Constance J. Keegan in Room 239. Miss Keegan makes an excellent teacher because she is interested in salesmanship and can probably sell you almost anything. Of course, her hobby is a Sears and Roebuck catalog. (She's a star saleswoman at Sears Roebuck in her leisure (?) hours). At P. H. S. she enjoys teaching her main subject, ninth grade history.

In Room 212, we find Joseph J. Walsh frantically calming down a study hall room of boys. A general all-around good sport, he enjoys almost everything—especially boys. Having come to us from the University of Massachusetts, Mr. Walsh says, "I am very happy to be with everyone at Pittsfield High School."

Last but not least, we welcome back into our midst Mr. William L. Dehey, who left us some years ago to help Uncle Sam. He teaches printing to the boys down in Room 10.

SENIOR CLASS ELECTION

Posters, bookmarks, marshmallows, sailboats, and toothpicks were all part of the colorful election campaign held at P. H. S. during the week preceding the Senior Class election. The various candidates had quite an assortment of trinkets, which were given out to those promising votes in return. However, despite the many doodads and campaign promises only one person for each office could be elected and here are the results: president, Donald Morehead; boys vice-president, James Mazzer; girl vice-president, Dianne Shuster; secretary, Jean Pruyne; and treasurer, JoAnn Skowron.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

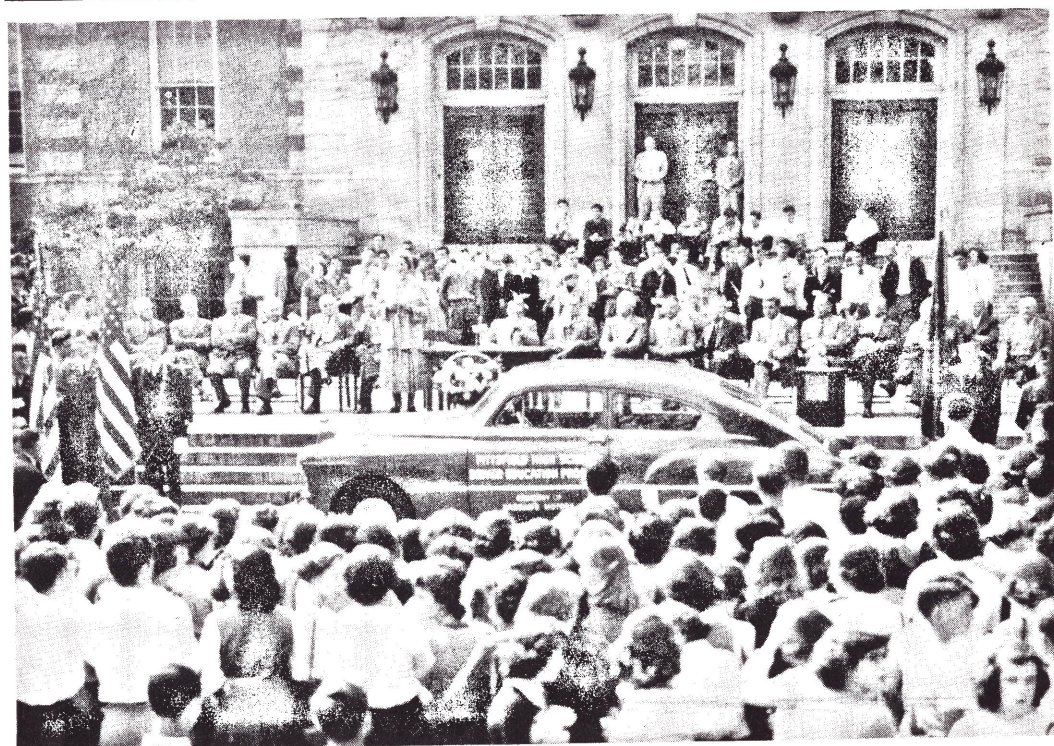
By Carl Rose

During the summer vacation the Vocational Department underwent many changes. The most important change was the transferring of the Drafting Department from B-9 to 102. In 102 there is better lighting and a more convenient place to make photostatic copies and blueprints. The boys in the Drafting Department, as well as the instructor, Mr. Willebrant, like this change very much. The old drafting room will be used by Technical as an electrical laboratory.

Fluorescent lights and a new stitching machine have been installed in the Print Shop. The printing instructor, Mr. William Dehey, has returned after a leave of absence with the State Department of Education (Vocational Division) doing industrial training.

We wish to congratulate the Sheet Metal Department for the fine job they did fixing the lockers in the basement.

The boys in Woodworking have been kept busy making twenty benches and ten tables for the Hibbard School Cafeteria.



Mr. George Haddad presents to Superintendent of Schools Edward J. Russell a dual-control Pontiac for Driver Education Program

THE OASIS

October fifteenth marked the beginning of the seventh consecutive season of the Oasis. Opening night was a big success. A capacity crowd attended, and judging from all appearances everyone had a wonderful time.

This year Y. M. C. A. members will pay fifteen cents for admission and non-members will pay twenty-five cents. New lighting and additional space for dancing have been provided.

Janet Hodecker and Charles Walters are co-chairmen of the Oasis Committee. Assisting them on the executive committee are Mary Coughlin, secretary; Patricia Hamilton, treasurer; Betty Aitchison, admissions; Susanne Brosseau, Sally Lynn Reeves, hostesses; Rolland Boucher, host; Robert Gale, house; Robert Eberwein, decorations.

Y. M. C. A. DRIVE

Forty members of the teen-ager's team, all P. H. S. students, left for Springfield, Mass., on Saturday morning, October 8, to see the Springfield College-University of Connecticut football game as a reward for being top campaigners in the recent membership drive at the Y. M. C. A. Marilyn Thompson and Robert Gale were co-chairmen of the teen division. The teen-agers held the lead throughout the campaign. Betty Aitchinson's team was tops among the teen-agers, but the team voted to cut down on extras promised them so that all forty members of the teen-age division could make the trip. Members of Betty's winning team were Suzanne Brosseau, Marcia Angelo, Delores Bernardo, Ruth Anne Pharmed, Joan Phair, Jane Phair, Darlyl Lincoln, and Deborah Carley.

THE BAND

The band this year boasts of seventy-four members—a far cry from the twenty-one piece band of twelve years ago. It is the largest yet and may boast one hundred pieces next year. But don't get the idea that because it is so large it lacks its previous perfection. Now, under the able leadership of Mr. Carl Gorman, and with James Ranti, its concert master, it is as good as, if not better than, the bands of former years.

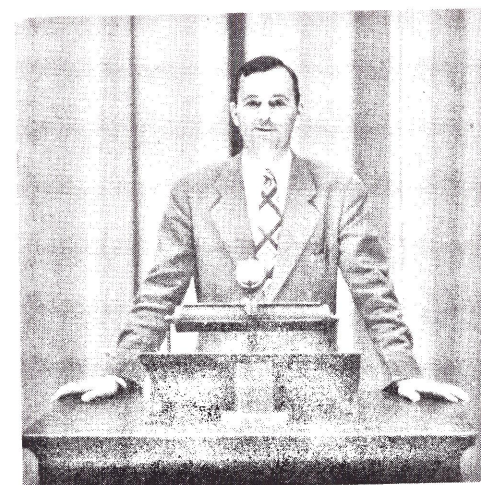
Then, too, the band has an added attraction this year—the new uniforms, of course. They are expected to arrive October twentieth and will be worn on Armistice Day, if not before. So let's all show our appreciation of the band by applauding as hard as possible at the next rally.

THE ORCHESTRA

Have you been hearing sweet strains of music flowing out from the music room on the first floor? Well, if you did, stop, look, and listen once again, for what you see and hear will delight you. Peek in through the door and you will see thirty-five ambitious members of the P. H. S. orchestra. Standing off to one side is Concert Mistress Rita Goldstein, coaching some of those who are new to the orchestra. As in years past, the group is under the direction of Music Supervisor Mr. F. Carl Gorman, and this year promises to be rich in music. P. H. S. may well be proud of its orchestra.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Carl F. Gorman, held its first meeting on September twenty-first when one-hundred-fifty girls signed up for this year. With Ann Wilde as accompanist, the girls have already completed three songs in two weeks. They are "The Moon and the Children" by Abt, "Tripping Hither, Tripping Thither" by Sullivan, and "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes". All indications seem to point to a very successful year for the Glee Club.



MEET THE FACULTY

Here's a teacher well known to everyone around Pittsfield High. Who is he? Why, he's Mr. Lawrence J. Murphy, who teaches the Social Sciences. Mr. Murphy attended local schools and is a graduate of Holy Cross College, where he received his Bachelor of Arts Degree. He also possesses a Master's Degree awarded in 1948 by North Adams State Teacher's College. A veteran of World War Two, he has been a member of the faculty since 1940. Mr. Murphy is a very busy person and can be seen dashing around the corridors with a copy of U. S. History tucked under one arm and his trusty attendance sheet under the other. Being chairman of the School Discipline Committee has brought him many problems, his biggest being the regulations, which, by the way, he is still trying to enforce. No one is more anxious to see the new band uniforms than he, because if it were not for the set determination of Mr. Murphy, our band would still be clad in the moth-eaten garments which we called uniforms. Our Mr. Murphy was chairman of the Band Uniform Drive, sponsored by the Elks, which last spring raised almost four thousand dollars to outfit our band in spanking new uniforms.

AN EDUCATIONAL PASTIME

The Pittsfield High School Technical Radio Club is one of the newest additions to the extra-curricula activities of Pittsfield High. It is both educational and interesting. The members not only learn the fundamentals of radio, but they have an opportunity to repair their own radios and prepare for an amateur radio operator's license.

Every Thursday night about 6.30 a group of determined looking boys walk down East Street. A few cars come slowly along and turn into the driveway. All together now, they run down a flight of stairs, unlock the door, and the Pittsfield High School Technical Radio Club is under way. As soon as everyone is ready, they assemble in B-9 for fifteen or twenty minutes of code practice. Completely confused with the dots and dashes, they next discuss any club business they might have, with their officers in charge. The officers at present are Jim O'Brien ('50), president; Richard Meirowitz ('50), secretary-treasurer; and David Pryde ('52), chairman of publicity. These officers work in harmony with Mr. William Buchanan, their adviser.

Business being completed, Mr. Buchanan gives them instructions on the fundamentals of radio. Then, with a bang, the next blue streak you would see would be the boys heading for B-8 and their various projects. They are now on their own to work on their radios or some other project. You will see the club's display during Education Week and Open House, and we hope that soon you will be hearing the boys on the air with a "ham" station of their own.

It is their goal to have a licensed amateur radio station down in B-8 with our own call letters. With this station they intend to help all interested members of the club to obtain their "ham" license. The club has, already, one licensed operator besides Mr. Buchanan, and there are several other boys who are about ready to qualify.

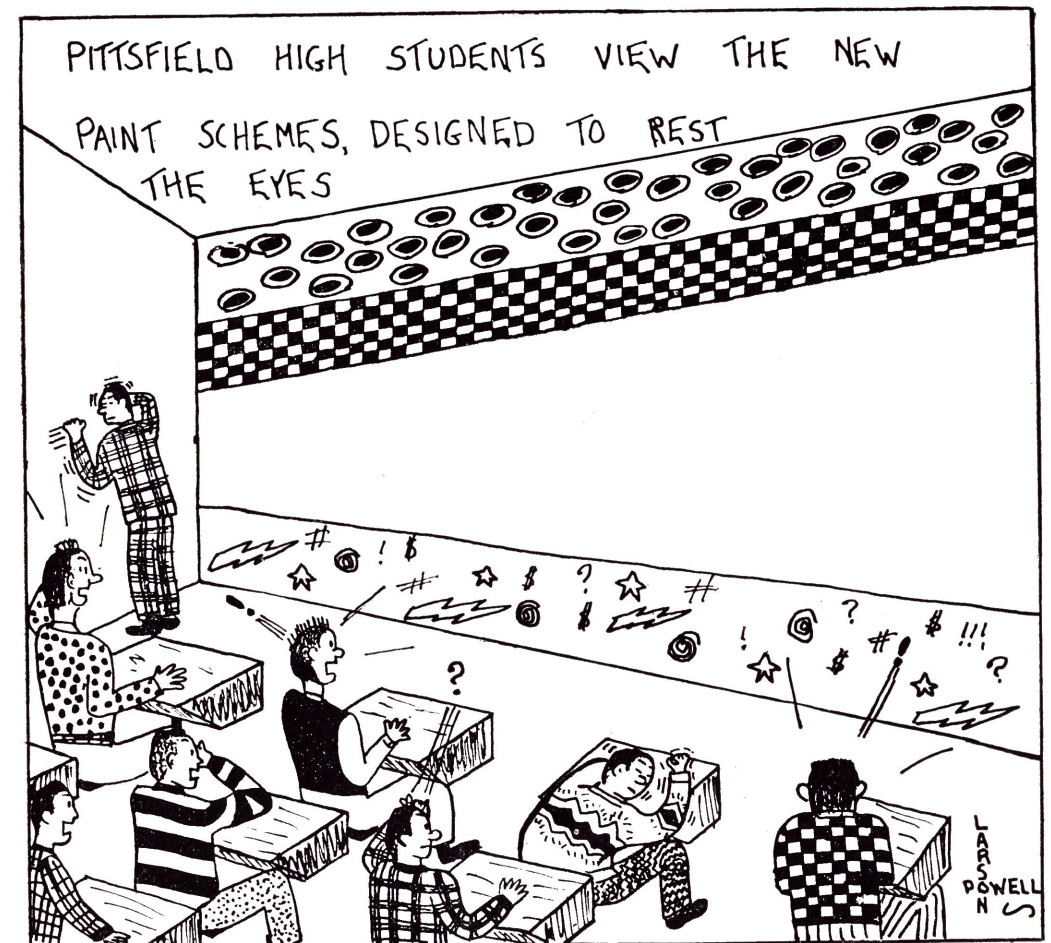
RIFLE CLUB

The P. H. S. Rifle Club has started off the new year with a bang. The Club has started off a good season by defeating the G. E. A. A. Team twice. With Coach Arthur Fox as their adviser, the club is going along smoothly. Captain Richard Gorey is doing a fine job of running the team. Other officers are Robert Dyer, president; Melvin Kelen, secretary; Robert Roe, treasurer; and Harold Clark, range officer. Those who join have to pass a written and shooting test before they can shoot. The Rifle Club's official season of competition starts in December. Captain Gorey and the team are trying to defeat the Wilbraham Team, the only team that they did not defeat last year.

RALLIES

"Fight, team, fight!" was the cheer which resounded through the auditorium as the student body gathered for the first football rally of the year to cheer our boys on for the opening game of the season with Greenfield High. To the juniors and seniors, the beating of the drums and the blaring of the horns of the P. H. S. band brought back the old familiar thrill of excitement that accompanies every rally. The thrill of hearing the band and seeing the cheerleaders go through the various routines left the sophomores and freshmen wide-eyed and excited. With this rally and those to come in the future, we wish Coach Fox, Captain John Perrone, and the football squad a successful season.

"Heap big team, but no power!" was the description used by the cheerleaders in describing the Adams' team at the big booster game rally held at P. H. S. on October 7. With the rally came the announcement that the goal of one thousand dollars from the sale of Booster Day tickets had been reached and that the entire school would be excused at one o'clock. This news added greatly to the excitement already prevailing in the auditorium, and the next cheer really made the rafters ring!!



ASSEMBLIES

On Thursday, September twenty-ninth, Captain James Colett of the United States Military Intelligence Service spoke to the students of Pittsfield High School on the methods of escape used by prisoners during the last war.

One of the most interesting points Captain Colett brought out was the fact that in every prison camp there was a "mess-up" committee. The job of this committee was to distract and confuse the guards while other prisoners were making an escape. He also told of different ways the escaping prisoners themselves confused the guards until they were safely out of camp.

Captain Colett left his audience amazed with his unbelievable tales of miraculous escape. The students sincerely hope that

the following assemblies will prove to be as interesting as the first.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The first meeting of the Motion Picture Club was held Friday, September 23, in Room 201. A brief explanation of the purpose of the club was given by Irma Bosma, and officers were elected.

The officers for the coming year are president, Irma Bosma; vice-president, Vernon Turner; recording secretary, Robert Simmons; corresponding secretary, Barbara Erickson; librarian, Janice Gregory.

The chairmen of the committees are program committee, Donald Reese; reporting committee, Vincent Ruperto; sunshine committee, Richard Shook.



Four Pittsfield High School graduates have been named to the dean's list at Smith College for maintaining an average of B or better during the past academic year. They are Barbara Ann Bergner and Marilyn May Reder, both juniors, and Alma and Claire Rosenfield, sophomores.

Josephine Monteleone, an Honor Roll graduate of the class of '49, has entered Becket Jr. College in Worcester.

Betty Krieger has returned to the University of Massachusetts for her senior year. Her brother, Albert, '49, has entered the freshman class at the University.

Jean B. Johnson, chairman of the Good Will Committee, '49, has left for her freshman year at Lasell Jr. College.

Dorothy Gamula, a member of last year's Retail Sales Course, has enrolled at Mt. Ida College. She was employed in Boston during the summer.

Donald Carpenter, '49, 1st baseman of last year's Mass. State Championship Baseball Team, has entered Syracuse University.

Diana Fink, who graduated Pro Merito in '49, has entered her freshman year at Smith College.

Eddie McMahon, captain of last year's championship baseball team, has returned to Pittsfield after completing a successful season of professional baseball at Muncie, Indiana.

John Coughlin, Exchange Editor of THE PEN, '49, and one of the finalists in the state-wide oratorical contest in Boston, has entered his freshman year at Harvard University.

Athena D. Giftos, '46, has been named to the dean's list at Bates College, for work done last semester. Athena, a senior majoring in French, is a member of Phi Sigma Iota, honorary French society, and is a woman's dorm proctor.

Henry Kierstead, '39, has been appointed assistant professor in chemistry at Brown University.

Helen Giftos, '49, Editor of Alumni Notes last year, is enrolled in the freshman class at Bryant College, Providence, R. I. Also members of the freshman class at Bryant are Roger Bowlby, '49, and Kenneth M. Nash, '49.

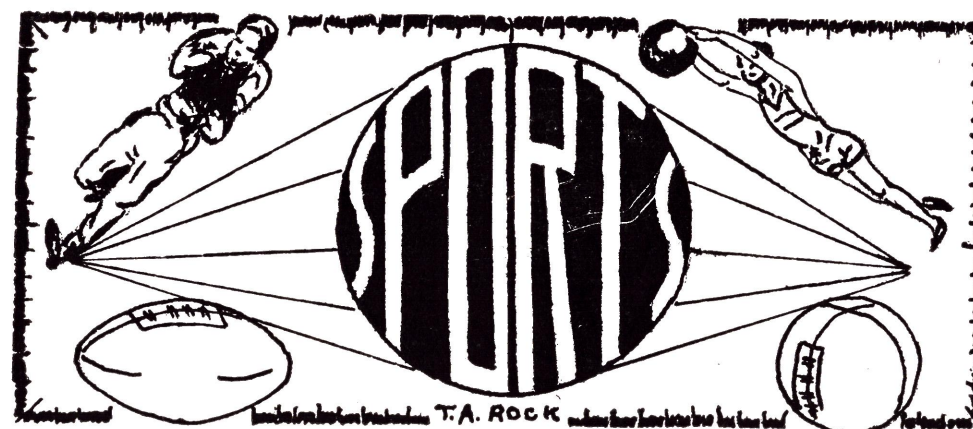
Richard Gilson, '49, has entered his freshman year at Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rudy Sondrini, captain of last year's football team, and George "Bud" Turner, a three-letter man in '49, have both enlisted in the Army and are stationed at Fort Dix, Trenton, N. J.

James L. Cusato, '49, has entered his freshman year at Union College in Schenectady. His sister, Jeanne M. Cusato, '46, has returned to Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. for her senior year. Entered at Skidmore is Rita M. Wolfe, '49.

Beverly Houston, '49, has begun training at the Pittsfield General Hospital.

Paul Bosquet, '49, has entered Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.



P. H. S. DROPS OPENER 20-13

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Taking advantage of Pittsfield's old nemesis, a poor pass defense, a young Greenfield squad surprised the Purple in the initial-contest for both teams on Saturday, September seventeenth, at Deming Field. It was passes out of a double wing formation by tail-back Tim Stamoupoulis which really hurt the Pittsfield cause. Big Tim chucked two screen passes in the second quarter for scores; first to Jim Harris for an overall total of forty-two yards, and then to quarterback Rollie Emory for twelve yards. Charlie Harris booted two extra points and at halftime the tally was 14-0.

Surging back in the third period, Pittsfield scored on a pass from Tony Ferdyn to Joe Miller. Carl Hamilton's missed placement left the score at 14-6. Greenfield reared back seconds later with a sixty-seven-yard drive culminating in their third touchdown. Stamapoulis added to his fine afternoon by bucking over for this score from the one-yard line. Pittsfield was on the brink of stopping Greenfield's drive on the forty-two-yard line. A daring pass with fourth down and ten to go from Stamapoulis to Emory caught Pittsfield by surprise and was good for fifteen yards and a chance to continue their attack.

Down but not out, Pittsfield came back with a TD to tighten the score. Big John Perrone picked up where he left off last year when he galloped thirty-seven yards through

the Greenfield team for the score. Hamilton rang the bell and made the score 20-13.

In the closing minutes of the game, Pittsfield reeled off four first downs and marched sixty-three yards to the Greenfield three where they were halted by a determined Greenfield forward wall. Greenfield took over and held them till there were but five seconds left. Pittsfield had time for one play, but Tony Ferdyn's desperation pass went for naught.

Each team made ten first downs, but Pittsfield had a substantial edge in rushing. Greenfield's margin in passing was the deciding factor. Coach Carl Nichol's team completed five out of seven passes for 107 yards. Pittsfield made just two out of five for 68.

P. H. S. SCORES 20 TO 14 OVER HOLYOKE

By Art Johnson

The Pittsfield team showed a great passing attack as it subdued a stubborn Holyoke club for its second successive win at Wahconah Park on Saturday, October first. After a rather dull first quarter Pittsfield struck for the initial score midway in the second. They picked up a first down on their own 31, and then Tony Ferdyn pitched to Joe Zavattero on the Holyoke 40, who side-stepped the defenders and went over standing up. Carl Hamilton split the uprights with his placement. Failing to gain after the ensuing kick-off, the visitors punted and the ball was

downed on their 26. In a moment the score was doubled as Dick Ross hit Zavattero in the end zone, and Hamilton's kick again was true.

Holyoke scored midway in the third period. Halfback Don Tulenko scored on a reverse after taking a hand-off from Tom McGarry. Brennan made the first of his two successful conversions.

Pittsfield retaliated immediately. Captain John Perrone made a fine return of the kickoff and five plays later Ferdyn passed to Don Morehead for what proved to be the winning margin.

Holyoke struck again after recovering a fumble. Tulenko scored for the second time on a play which was a twin of the first. They threatened in the final minutes but time ran out.

Dick Ross was the leading carrier, running 32 yards in 8 trips. John "Whitey" Hart, Jimmy Mazzer, and Bob O'Boyle were outstanding in the line.

FERDYN SPARKLES AGAINST TECH

By Jim Cederstrom

After a listless first half the men of Coach Art Fox responded brilliantly in the two final periods to belt Technical of Springfield 25-6 in Springfield, September twenty-fourth. The home team showed a sound running attack and outplayed the visitors considerably before intermission. Mantiera skirted his right end for 15 yards to score, but center Jim Mazzer blocked the attempted conversion. Pittsfield had its back to the wall as the half time gun sounded.

On the first play from scrimmage in the second half, Corjay broke away for 61 yards before Tony Ferdyn nailed him from behind on the 16. Two plays later Brad "Scoop" Dennis, who played superbly on defense, pounced on a fumble on the 13. Ferdyn completed three passes and the pigskin rested on Tech's one-yard line. "Jarin' Jawn" Perrone bulled over and Carl Hamilton added the

extra point. Tech could not gain and they punted to the Purple's 25. On the first play Ferdyn passed to Don Morehead, who had raced behind the defenders, and he romped 45 yards to pay dirt. Tech was again stopped and their punt was returned to mid-field. Ferdyn again hit Morehead who outdistanced his pursuers like a jack rabbit does a herd of hippopotamuses. The three touchdowns came in less than seven minutes.

The final tally came as Dick "Brass" Ross punched over from the two after Larry Loynes recovered a Tech bobble.

Ferdyn hit 9 out of 14 passes for 252 yards. Capt. Perrone rolled up 60 yards on the ground. Mantiera and Corjay were the only bright lights for the losers. Between them they accounted for 172 yards. "Sid" Brown and Johnny Hart as well as Dennis did well in the line.

YELL: ST. JOE! — ST. JOE!

Sing:

Heap big team but no power,
Heap big team but no power,
They try lot but they not so hot—
Heap big team but no power.

YELL: PITTSFIELD! — PITTSFIELD!

Sing:

Heap big line and fine backfield,
Heap big line and fine backfield,
They try lot 'em and they really got 'em—
Heap big line and fine backfield.

YELL: PITTSFIELD! — PITTSFIELD!

Sing:

Heap best team in all Berkshire,
Heap best team in all Berkshire,
They try lot 'em and they really got 'em—
Heap best team in all Berkshire.

Yell:

Ugh! They first class football team!

Girls' Sports

By Joan Gaudette

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

As the old saying goes, "Practice Makes Perfect", and believe me, that's what the seniors have had plenty of—practice!! After three years of drilling for field-hockey, they have built up their speed and skill, and are now ready to tackle anything that may come under foot.

Tessie Malumphy, with the aid of her ski shoes, is back to play goalie for her third successive year. Tess, along with her teammates—Jackie Gabriel, Marty Marino, Lena Pariselli, Dot Metallo, Pat Hamilton, Mary Coughlin, and Joane Gallagher, to mention only a few—are all counting the days until their first game with the lower classmen.

WATCH THE BIRDIE!

No! you're not having your picture taken. You're watching the seniors play badminton. Since the number of participants is so small, more individual attention can be provided. With Miss Jean I. Morgan as their able instructor, the senior girls, Dot Metallo, Lorita Martinelli, "Bugs" Mierzejewski, Jeannette Levante, and Marjorie Lyman are badminton experts now, and, I am sure, will be pros in the years to come.

JUNIOR BADMINTON

The junior girls are practicing hard for the badminton tournament, which takes place in the spring. Although practice is open to all classmen, the juniors have filled the classes on Monday, Tuesday, and Wed-

nesday. Among the ranks of juniors showing skill are Jane Marri, Judy Meagher, Barbara Dube, Lillian Gaudette, Libera Principe, and Carolyn Wagner. Good luck, girls!

SOPHOMORE FIELD-HOCKEY

Upperclassmen, beware!! Although you have big ideas of winning the field-hockey tournament, you'd better scout around and see some of the sophomore's enthusiasm. As a matter-of-fact, they have so much of it that practice is held on two days a week, Monday and Wednesday. Of the sixty sophomores trying for positions, only about eleven or twelve can be chosen. Some of the prospects are Nancy Quirk, Gilda de Fazio, Shirley Borden, Betty Murthy, Clementine and Barbara Fox, Shirley Lombardi, and Barbara Gerhardt.

GYM HELPERS

Some ambitious seniors, who have had two years of gym already, have volunteered to give up their study periods to assist Miss McNaughton and Miss Morgan with the sophomore and junior gym classes. They feel that they belong down there for their last year. These girls are Virginia Levernoch, Joan Beekman, Nancy Quadrozzi, Lena Pariselli, Catherine Meirzejewski, Joan Gaudette, Mary Ellen Hill, Nancy Shaffer, Lucie Brower, Theresa Malumphy, Gertrude Prew, and Monica Pytko.

DUSTY, DIRTY JUNIORS

Ground sticks, ground sticks, ground sticks! Ball! Wham! Bang! and a cloud of dust. Believe it or not, the juniors came up with possession of the ball. At every practice the juniors get better and better. Watch out, sophs and seniors! Even though their goalie, Joyce Aldrich, doesn't wear size twelve ski shoes, she is one of the best. Besides the goalie, the juniors have Libera Principe, Barbara Sears, Beverly May, and Kathleen Keegan to make up the rest of the team.

SMILE A WHILE

Miss McCormick: "This essay on our dog is word for word the same as your sister's."

Lois Wilkes: "Yes, Miss McCormick, it's the same dog."

Mr. Gorman: "Why do you always play the same piece?"

M. Posner: "It haunts me."

Mr. Gorman: "It should; you've murdered it often enough."

Mr. Massimiano (industriously explaining a problem): "If you put an apple and a pear together what do you have?"

Smart Student: "Fruit salad."

M. Klein (in biology class): "What's bacteria?"

Sophomore classmate: "The back door to the cafeteria."

Miss Millet: "What's the French expression for *cut the grass*?"

Student: "Mow de lawn."

Teacher: "Baboons come from Africa and Asia."

Pupil: "What's a baboon?"

Teacher: "How can you sit there and look me in the face and ask that silly question?"

Father: "Did you ask your boss for a raise?"

Son: "Yep."

Father: "How did he take it?"

Son: "Like a lamb."

Father: "Well, what did he say?"

Son: "Bah!"

Mr. Phinney: "Young man—How many times have I told you to get to class on time?"

Chuck F.: "I don't know. I thought you were keeping score."

Junior: "Dad, one of the kids in school said I look exactly like you."

Pater: "Ah, he did? And what did you say?"

Junior: "I let it pass. He's bigger'n me."

Miss Powers: "Mary, this composition on milk was supposed to be two pages long, and yours is only half a page!"

Mary: "But, Miss Powers, I wrote about condensed milk!"

Teacher: "I think I'll nominate my wife for Congresswoman."

Pupil: "Why?"

Teacher: "Because she's so good at introducing bills into the house."

Mr. Carey: "What's your definition of the so-called 'upper crust' in society?"

Bud: "A lot of crumbs held together by their own dough!"

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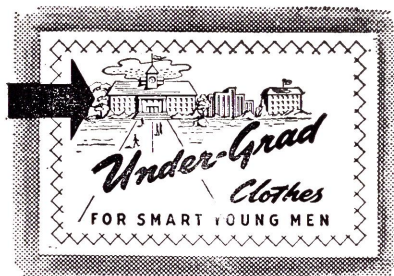
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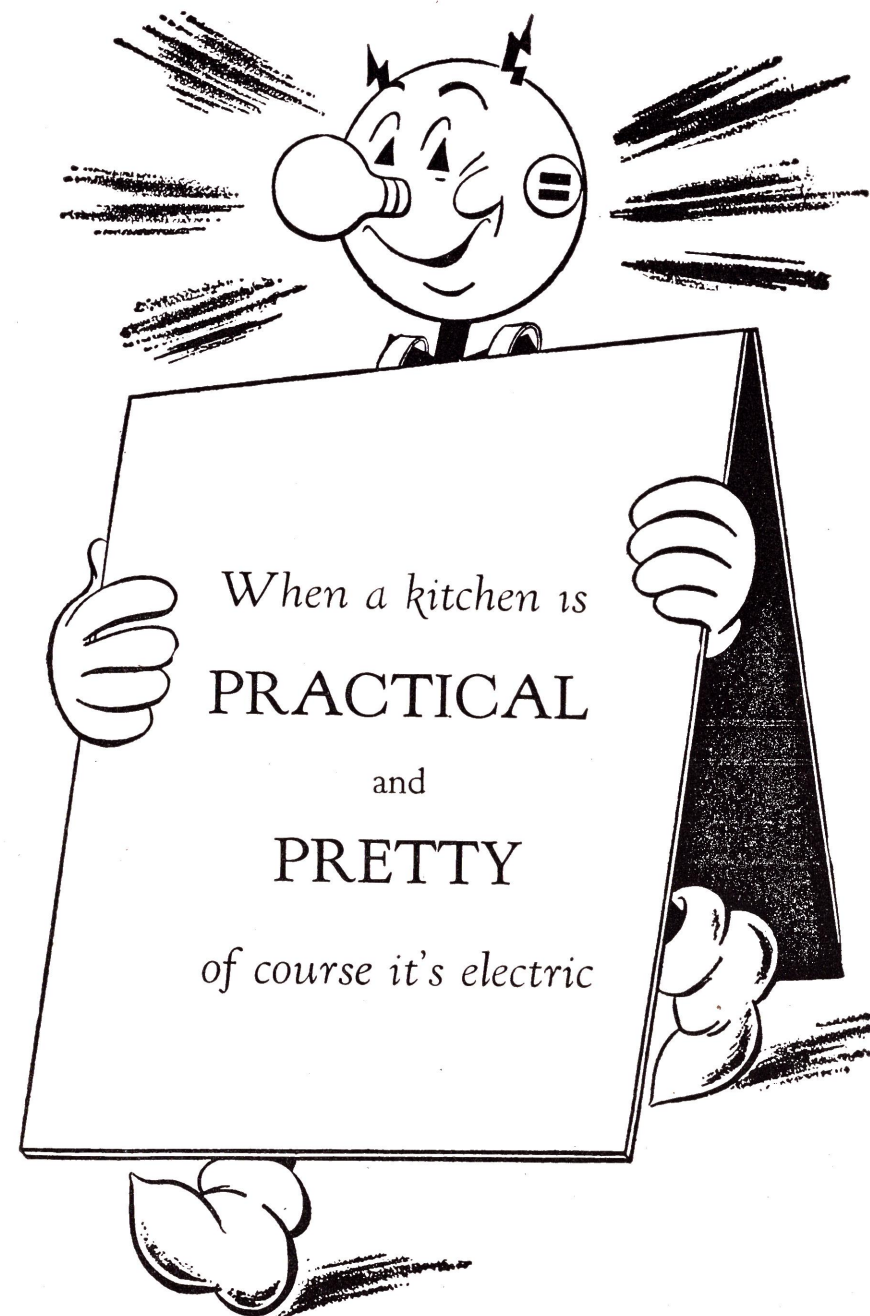
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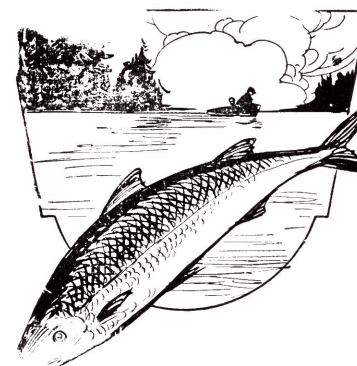
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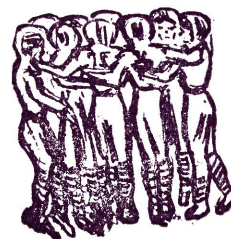
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